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RICHARD LANDER,

THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

Alas for the white man, o'er deserts a ranger,
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger!

Negro's Lament for Mungo Park.

Six years since we prefixed these touching lines to a hasty Memoir of the life and services of Captain Clapperton,* "the sincere friend and master," as Clapperton subscribed himself, of Richard Lander, whose active life and recent death are now about to engage our attention. Though standing in the relation of master and servant, Clapperton and Lander were "fellow pioneers in African discovery." They were alike enthusiastic in

their unabated ardour to add to our knowledge of Africa, and to the improvement of its people: they embarked in a common cause—the good of mankind. In their progress, they alike suffered from unhealthiness of climate; for no climate more than that of Africa is noted for its fatal effects on Europeans. Clapperton fell a victim to these effects: he died of dysentery at Soccatoo, in the year 1827; there Lander buried his valued master, and standing alone by the grave, read over his remains the impressive

* Prefixed to the *Mirror*, vol. xi.

funeral service of the Church of England. Lander pressed on a long, difficult, and dangerous journey. He then returned to England, and embarked in another Expedition; and its splendid result was the discovery of the course and termination of the Niger,—a problem which had baffled geographers, from Herodotus, the father of historians, to our own time, through a lapse of twenty-three centuries. What a consummation of a brief, adventurous life: what a labour for a man to accomplish in his twenty-seventh year! How truly has it been sung:

We pass o'er Africk's sultry clime,
To where the Niger rolls his mighty stream
With doubtful current, whether bent his course
Or to the rising or the setting sun;
Till one adventurous man, through perils great,
And toil immense, hunger, and thirst, and pain,
The question solved, and saw him eastward flow
Majestic through his woods.—*Milikin's River-side.*

Lander returned to England to receive the rewards due to his glorious enterprise; he revisited his birthplace; and again set forth to establish certain advantages in the track of his important discovery. A company of merchants fitted him out with an iron steam-boat; and thus a paragon of science, the latest labour of the most enlightened nation in the world, proudly sailed through a country hitherto uncheered by civilization and the efforts of benevolent man for the improvement of his species. Lander, by nature, kind-hearted and inoffensive, sought to enlarge the happiness of its people, not by conquest and rendering them subjects, but alone by such means as humanity and honourable enterprise dictated. Yet amidst his peaceful labours, Lander fell a victim, not to the natural influence of pestilential climate, as Clapperton had fallen, but to "the sullen ferocity of a band of savages;" and the poor traveller now lies buried, not far from the scenes of his enterprise. It has been observed, that while "other countries, farther removed from civilized Europe, have welcomed the researches of the scientific traveller, and amply rewarded him with their riches, Africa has spurned him from her soil by the destructive tendency of her climate, or the treachery of her people." The fates of Clapperton and Lander are melancholy illustrations of these remarks, prefatory to the Journal of Lander's Expedition, and written little more than two years since.

RICHARD LANDER was born at Truro, in Cornwall, on the 8th of February, 1804, so that at the period of his decease, (February 6,) he was within two days of attaining his thirtieth year. He was the fourth of six children. He was gifted with no extraordinary talent, and it was not his fortune to boast either the honours of high birth, or even to possess the advantages of a common-

place education. Yet, if the ancient saying of the people of Cornwall, that

By Tre, Pol, Lan, and Pen,
You may know most Cornish men,

be entitled to credit, then Lander's family is of pure Cornish extraction; and it has a double claim, in the present generation, to the enviable distinction of antiquity, his mother's maiden name being *Pen-rose*, and his father's name *Lan-der*. Richard used to say that he had the solitary satisfaction of boasting of at least one celebrated character in the humble records of his family; this was his grandfather by his mother's side, who was a noted wrestler in his day, and lived some fifty years since near the Land's End.

In childhood, Richard began to show rambling inclinations. He confessed himself never to have been "easy a great while together in one place;" and to have delighted in playing truant, and strolling from town to town, whenever he could steal an opportunity, so as to mix in the society of boys possessing restless habits and inclinations similar to his own. He listened with untiring attention to tales of the manners and ceremonies of the natives of distant regions of the earth, and never felt greater pleasure than when a superstitious beldame stroked down his face with her aged hands, saying, "You will be sure to see two kingdoms, Richard; for you have two crowns upon your head." The recital of such circumstances may appear trifling, but "the boy" being "the father of the man," these early traits are worth noting; and of all places in England, none could be found more likely than the romantic coast of Cornwall to foster such predilections. Strolling upon that wild shore, how might Lander picture forth his "home upon the wave," as his restless spirit sought to embody the marvels of the fireside.

Richard was about nine years old, when, owing to domestic misfortunes, he left his paternal roof, and he had since been almost a stranger in the place of his nativity. He visited his family there after his return from his travels; and, in so important a place as Truro, the metropolis of the county, it may be supposed that Richard Lander, the explorer of the Niger, must have been a man of some note, even among Cornish people.

At the age of eleven years, Lander accompanied a merchant to the West Indies. Whilst in St. Domingo, he was attacked by the fever of the country, so severely, that his life was despaired of; but through the attention of some benevolent negro females, his youth, and a naturally vigorous constitution, he recovered, and after an absence of three years, returned to England. From that period till the attainment of his nineteenth year, Lander lived in the service of various noblemen and gentlemen, with one of whom he visited the

Continent. Lander next lived with Major Colebrook, one of His Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of the British Colonies, with whom he embarked from Portsmouth on board the *Lady Campbell*, which weighed anchor on February 13, 1823, and after a stormy and hazardous voyage of nearly five months, arrived in Simmons's Bay, South Africa, on the 13th of July following. During the passage, the vessel with upwards of sixty passengers, narrowly escaped destruction three times:—by losing her rudder in a heavy gale, and leaking four feet of water in the hold—the gun-room taking fire—and the vessel striking on a rock; at length, she arrived before Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope.

Lander accompanied Major Colebrook in his journey of inquiry through the Colony; he then quitted his service, and sailing from Cape Town, arrived in England in 1824. He next lived in the establishment of a kinsman of the Duke of Northumberland, where, to use Lander's own words, his time passed "pleasantly and thoughtlessly enough," but not in accordance with his inquiring spirit. The return of Major Denham and Captain Clapperton from the interior of Africa, in the following year, again roused Lander's rambling propensities; and according to his own confession, he could not help reproaching himself for having remained so long a time in a state of comparative indolence. Having heard that the British government intended to send out another Expedition to explore Central Africa, and endeavour to ascertain the source, progress, and termination of the mysterious Niger—and the project according with Lander's long cherished wishes—he instantly waited upon Captain Clapperton, appointed to the head of the Expedition, and expressed his eagerness to become a party, however humble, in the projected enterprise. The Captain listened to Lander, and willingly engaged him as his confidential servant.

It appears that many persons endeavoured to dissuade Lander from his new undertaking; but he felt a charm in the very sound of Africa; "whilst its boundless deserts of sand; the awful obscurity in which many of the interior regions were enveloped; the strange and wild aspect of countries that had never been trodden by the foot of an European; and even the failure of all former undertakings to explore its hidden wonders, united to strengthen the determination he had come to, of embracing the earliest opportunity of penetrating the interior of that immense continent." In vain his London acquaintances urged the risk he should incur of finding a grave in Africa; and equally ineffectual were the kind representations of a medical gentleman, who pressed the danger to which his life would be exposed, by reason of his youth, inexperience, and

habits of body. His relatives in Cornwall affectionately implored him not to proceed to a region they all so greatly and justly dreaded; and Mr. G. C. Fox, residing near Falmouth, in the spirit of amiable benevolence by which he is uniformly distinguished, endeavoured to dissuade Lander from his journey; adding that rather than he should be exposed to the dangers of African exploration, he should be insured a more lucrative situation in one of the South American republics. Neither of these inducements altered Lander's determination; and, accordingly, he left London with Captain Clapperton, and embarked from Portsmouth, in the *Brazen sloop of war, Captain Willis*, on August 27, 1825; Lander being then in the twenty-second year of his age.

It will not be requisite for us to quote the details of the Expedition, as they will be found, at some length, in the memoir of Captain Clapperton, already referred to, in vol. xi. of this *Miscellany*. The reader will recollect that he was the sole survivor of the Expedition, and succeeded in making his way defenceless and alone, from Soccatoo, in Haussa, to Badagry, on the western coast (of Africa)—a journey of many hundred dreary miles, through countries inhabited by a variety of tribes, by whom he was not only unmolested, but treated, for the most part, with kindness and liberality. Upon Lander's return, the *Journal of the Expedition* was published from Clapperton's papers; to which was appended Lander's account of the Captain's death; the melancholy details occupying upwards of three pages of the *Mirror*, vol. xiii. A few months after the publication of the *Journal*, Lander published an interesting account of the Expedition, containing more of his personal adventures than are to be found in the former work.* Lander's perils, as herein narrated, are neither few nor far between. At Sierra Leone, whilst amongst high coarse grass and thick jungle, he indiscreetly exposed his head to the scorching rays of a vertical sun; fever ensued, and such a *seasoning* as every European should be prepared to encounter on visiting tropical countries. At Coulo, Lander had a frightful dysentery. On the road, he often dismounted from his horse, to roll himself in the dust, (in the hope of relieving his agony,) where he remained panting, till his master, alarmed at his lingering back, would light large fires, the smoke of which directed him to his resting-place. Whenever they came to a stream which was too deep to ford, and was not furnished with a ferry-boat, Lander

* Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa: by Richard Lander, his faithful attendant, and the only surviving member of the Expedition; with the subsequent Adventures of the Author, 2 vols. small 8vo., Colburn, 1830.—To this work we are indebted for the original of the annexed portrait.

being too weak to swim, his generous master used to take him on his shoulders, and often times at the imminent risk of his own life, carry him in safety to the opposite bank. At Royoo, Lander, extraordinarily lost his sight for a time, and could not rise in bed from excessive weakness and pain: here he had separated from Clapperton, and fearing that he was about to die, he implored his attendant, after he had buried him, to take charge of his property and hasten to his master. Lander rallied, and travelled for a day upon a couch on the back of a camel through a narrow road thickly lined with large thorns. At the next town, the chief, who had never before seen a white man, gave the poor traveller a bowl of six quarts of new milk, sweetened with honey, which much refreshed and invigorated him. For the chief's present, Lander gave him a pair of scissors, a hundred needles, and a paper of cloves: he was called "Little Christian," as Clapperton, who had preceded, "Great Christian." After Lander had buried his good master, he was so afflicted as to crawl round his hut with difficulty, and to be unable to rise from his mat for several days. The extreme heat compelled him to plunge his head and arms, at intervals, into a tub of water, and continually to sprinkle his burning head and body. In the Goober Bush, he was compelled by heat and clouds of sand and dust, to dismount, when he fell to the ground exhausted: he begged a mouthful of water from thousands of the natives, but they mocked his misery; at last, a young man inquired in a tone of kindness, "Christian, Christian, why don't you go on?" Lander replied he was faint and sick for want of water, and no one would relieve him; the young native then gave him a pint calabash of water: for this kindness, Lander gave him a pair of scissors and twenty gun-flints. Shortly after, Lander's boots split into fragments, and fell from his feet; and he was in acute pain. Yet our traveller had intervals of enjoyment; for, sometimes he lived like an eastern prince, on the best the country afforded; and when fatigued, his attendant would bathe his temples with lime-juice, and, after washing his feet, either sing or fan him to sleep.

Near Gorkie, whilst crossing a river, which abounded with large crocodiles, Lander's horse sunk deeply in soft mud, and his legs getting entangled in the roots of trees, he threw his rider, who was thus nearly suffocated.

At Badagry, when almost within hearing of his countrymen, Lander was compelled to drink the fetish ordeal, which was a quart bowl of clear liquid, the priest who presented it, exclaiming: "You are accused, white man, of designs against our king and his government, and are, therefore, desired to drink the contents of this vessel, which, if

the reports to your prejudice be true, will surely destroy you; whereas, if they be without foundation, you need not fear, Christian; the fetish will do you no injury. for our gods will do that which is right." Lander drank the liquid, (the decoction of the bark of a tree abounding in the neighbourhood,) and the assembly murmured at not seeing him expire; his own slaves welcomed him with an astounding shout, and having returned to his hut, he ejected the potion from his stomach; but he was told that he was the only individual, who, for a long season, had escaped the poisonous qualities of the ordeal.

Upon his return to England, Lander deposited his master's property at the Colonial Office, together with gold and silver watches, without having lost a single article from the moment he left Soccatoo, twelve months previously, although he had travelled throughout the most violent rainy season that had been remembered by the natives for many years. He remained in London three or four weeks, to prepare a rough copy of his journal, and then returned to his friends at Truro, whence he had been absent nearly thirteen years.

Here we must halt for the present: since, rather than reduce the details of Lander's succeeding adventures to names and dates, we prefer delaying their completion till our next Number.

OPTICAL ANECDOTE.

If the eyes be turned directly away from an object on which they have been long gazing, the image of the object will remain for awhile present to the sight; the cause being that the retina of the eye retains for a few minutes the impression made upon it. A singular anecdote connected with this fact was once related to me by Mr. W., a gentleman eminent for his sculptural performances. He once observed a man of noble stature and beautiful countenance standing on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his full, large eyes earnestly staring at the bright sun. Struck by the wild but commanding expression of the man's countenance, and his abstracted appearance, Mr. W. stood in admiration and astonishment; but, on the man's moving to retire, he accosted him, and solicited him to call at his house on the following day, that he might have the opportunity to sketch him in the attitude from which he had just changed. The man consented and was true to his appointment on the next day. At the request of Mr. W. he advanced to an open window, and having assumed the required position, fixed his eyes on the burning sun while the sketch was being made. Thus he remained for some time perfectly still, without once closing his eyes; until suddenly, perhaps from impatience, he turned round and looked at the artist, towards whom he

instantly ran, brandishing a dagger which he drew forth from his bosom, and exclaiming, "I see the glory of God sitting on your cheek like a red-hot ball!" was about to strike with his weapon. Mr. W.'s terror at the moment, had not, however, deprived him of his presence of mind; so grasping his furious assailant's upraised arm, he arrested the intended blow, and bidding him be calm, he mildly assured him he would do all in his power to assist him in a matter, wherein during previous conversation, he declared himself to have been excessively ill-treated. This elicited a lengthy conversation, and had not only the good effect of quelling the danger, but permitted the delusion of a "red-hot ball" to vanish. The incoherency of the stranger's language, and the singularity of his manner, now soon induced the melancholy conjecture that the stranger was some poor maniac, escaped from a madhouse; and such subsequently was ascertained to be the fact.

J. H. F.

SEALS:

THE ORIGIN OF AFFIXING SEALS TO WRITTEN INSTRUMENTS, &c.

THE use of seals, as a mark of authenticity to letters and other instruments in writing, is extremely ancient. We read of it among the Jews and Persians in the earliest and most sacred records of history, viz. 1 Kings, c. xxi. Daniel, c. vi. Esther, c. viii.; and in the book of Jeremiah there is a very remarkable instance, not only of an attestation by seal, but also of the other usual formalities attending a Jewish purchase, viz.: "And I bought the field of Hananeel, and weighed him the money, even seventeen shekels of silver. And I subscribed the evidence, and sealed it, and took witnesses, and weighed him the money in the balances. And I took the evidence of the purchase, both that which was sealed according to the law and custom, and also that which was open."—c. xxxii. In the Civil Law also,* seals were the evidence of truth; and were required on the part of the witnesses at least, at the attestation of every testament. But in the time of our Saxon ancestors, they were not much in use in England. For though Sir Edward Coke† relies on an instance of King Edwy's making use of a seal about a hundred years before the Conquest, yet it does not follow that this was the usage among the whole nation: from the assurance of all our ancient historians that sealing was not then in common use, the charter mentioned by Coke is, therefore, considered, from this circumstance of being sealed, to be of doubtful authority; for though the word *sigillum* often occurred in charters before the time of Edward the Confessor, it has been agreed upon by the

greatest antiquaries, (among whom is Sir Henry Spelman,) that it did not mean a seal of wax, but was used synonymously for *signum*, and denoted the sign of the Cross and other symbols made use of in early times. The method of the Saxons was, for such as could write to subscribe their names, and whether they could write or not, to affix the sign of the cross; which custom, parties who are unable to write, generally to this day keep up, by signing a cross for their mark to their names written by other persons. And, indeed, this inability to write, and, therefore, making a cross in its stead, is honestly avowed by Caedwalla, a Saxon king, at the end of one of his charters, thus: "Propria manu, pro ignorantia literarum, signum sanctæ crucis expressi et subscripsi."—*Seld. Jan. Angl.*, l. 1—42. And this, (according to Procopius,) the Emperor Justin in the East, and Theodoric, King of the Goths in Italy, had before authorized by their example, on account of their inability to write. In the Charter of Edward the Confessor to Westminster Abbey, it is witnessed only by his seal, and this is generally thought to be the oldest sealed charter of any authenticity in England. (*Lamb. Archieon*, 51.) This custom of sealing with wax he obtained while at the court of his cousin, William of Normandy; and he was the first who introduced the custom into England, although, according to Ingulphus, seals did not come into general use till after the Conquest. And in the reign of Edward I. every freeman, and even such of the more substantial villains as were fit to be put upon juries, had their distinct particular seals. (*Stat. Exon.* 14 *Edw. I.*) The impressions of these seals were sometimes a knight on horseback; but coats of arms were not introduced into seals, nor indeed into any other use, till about the reign of Richard I., who brought them from the crusade in the Holy Land, where they were first invented and painted on the shields of the knights, to distinguish the variety of persons of every Christian nation who resorted thither, and who could not, when clad in complete steel, be otherwise known or ascertained.

In ancient times, the date of the deed was generally omitted, and the reason was this, viz. that the time of prescription frequently changed, and a deed dated before the time of prescription was not pleadable; but a deed without date might be alleged to be made within the time of prescription. Dates began to be added in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III.

CAROLUS.

Keeping a Secret.—As the must fermenting in a vessel works up to the top whatever it has in the bottom, so wine, in those who have drunk beyond the measure, vents the most inward secrets.—*Montaigne*.

* Inst. 2. 10. 2—3.

† 1 Inst. 7.

The Sketch Book.

A MARCH.

From the Original Letters of an Officer in India.

Hyderabad, 1897.

ON the 25th of December, we received orders to march; but being Christmas-day I merely despatched my baggage, and dining out in the evening, drank, you may believe me, to absent friends. Next morning I bade adieu to Madras; but, alas! no kind-hearted soul had I to wish me well, and to perform magical rites for insuring my safety and success; so poor Pickaxe and his poorer master wearily trudged it over thirteen miles of ground, the latter disconsolately musing upon the prospect of a two-and-thirty days' journey, over 394 miles of road, lying amidst the horrors of tigers and thieves, assassins and swamps, wilds and wastes, mountains and jungles, broken carts and broken bones, dead bullocks, unfordable rivers, &c. &c. As to what might have been the meditations of Pickaxe, I cannot pretend to say; but it is time to tell you that this splendid specimen of an officer's charger, derives his name from having contracted a trick of stumbling, (not tripping,) with his nose on the ground, whereby he cleverly saves his knees; he is, according to a branding on his hind near leg, an old warrior; and his continual inclination to wheel to the left informs me he must have been the left pivot-horse. Ten years back, I understand, he sold for about ten rupees; seven months since I gave fifty for him! How Subs *are* taken in! He was then gone in the near fore and hind feet, and is so now in the loins! Poor Pickaxe! I thought I should have had to leave this paragon on the road; but he answered my purpose, and disposing of him at the end of the march, I suited myself with a fine, young, tricky Arab. To proceed—Pickaxe and I jogged on pretty amicably, till near the close of the fourth day's march, when towards evening we lost our way. At a queer-looking sort of village where I hired a guide, and having waded through rivers and marshes, till my poor steed was saturated with wet and mud nearly to his backbone, I perceived a light at some distance, where the guide said, proceeded from a bungalow; but finding myself on a flat, swampy country, like the *Fens* in England, this intelligence afforded me small comfort; because a light may be seen in such places that is at least fifteen miles off: however, in about three quarters of an hour, I happily arrived at the "house of entertainment for man and beast." It was already occupied, but, fortunately, meeting there with an old Burmah acquaintance, Captain Page, I owed it entirely to his kindness in endeavouring to *make* accommodation for me, that, wet and wearied, I had not to wait three

hours longer without shelter, until the arrival of my tent. In about twenty minutes, a fine, lively hen was killed, dressed, and *eaten!* and the supper-table, with all the chairs in the room being then removed, my camp-cot soon occupied their place, and a most sound and refreshing repose did I that night enjoy.

Nothing particular occurred to mark our progress until our arrival at the Kisthna, a river nearly as sacred, though not quite so commercial, as the Ganges, but of properties as fertilizing as the Nile. Having heard much of the purity of its waters, and that they were a sort of catholicon, and deeming, therefore, that as a *preventive* of all evils, corporeal and mental, they must be of singular avail, I sent for a specimen to taste, and do most solemnly declare I never beheld water more disgustingly filthy; no not even that of some little ditch-like rivulet, in its most turbid and torrent-swollen state; to wash in it was to cover one's self with dirt, yet in this state the natives drink it! I have no doubt but that this very circumstance renders the Kisthna a fructifying river; but had no desire by washing in it to make the experiment on that "clod of the valley," my body. There is, however, a method of cleansing it which I thought curious, by the seed or berry of a certain shrub, (whose name I forget,) which grows to the size of a hazel-nut, and is rubbed at the bottom of the vessel containing the Kisthna's muddy water, when in about two minutes, all the extraneous matter is precipitated, and the fluid left pure and clear for use.* We crossed the river in a manner which may possibly have been frequently described; still to give you an idea of it myself may not be amiss. I have no name for the species of coracle or boat, used on this occasion; but you are to imagine a coarsely made wicker tub covered with leather, or ill-tanned buffalo-hides, about twice the circumference of a cart-wheel, and about two feet and a half deep. Into one of these vehicles some companions and myself entered, when three men with paddles, contrived, by dint of performing incessant and alternate half-circles to the right and left, to paddle us across to the opposite side, the stream having carried us more than a mile from the direction in which we started. To an unconcerned spectator, the sight of my baggage crossing the Kisthna would, no doubt, have been highly amusing; but to me it was far otherwise,

* It is singular that the waters of the Nile are just as turbid as those of the Kisthna, and require, and undergo, a somewhat similar process of purification. A travelled friend informed me that ships take in Nile water in large jars, at the bottom of each is put a reddish ball, (a composition, he believed, but knew not of what,) which has the effect of precipitating the mud, &c. in a very short time, and rendering the water fit for use, which otherwise it is not.

M. L. B.

who had to endure the pitiable spectacle of all my little worldly possessions embarked in one of these water-barrels, dancing up and down, and to and fro, in dangerous fashion in the great deep river, whilst poor Pickaxe, employed to tow them, was blowing his very lungs asunder. Having crossed the Kisthna, I was no longer in John's territories, but in those of the Nizam, with the prospect of one hundred miles further march, in a country of jungles, and infested, according to report, with tigers, thieves, and assassins. So during the first day's march, my lads were all in the rear, having taken good care to alarm themselves ere they started, with the old stories of wild beasts and assassins; and slipping out of my sight instead of following the route I had directed them, the knaves slept all night in some neighbouring village; for the Mogul princes having charitably built Serais at every stage, there was now no lack of accommodation. Patience is a virtue, Heaven knows, but it does not answer with the natives of Hindostan; and all I could do, therefore, in the way of bringing my refractory subjects to order, was, not gently to reason with them on the absurdity of their terrors, and the impropriety of their conduct in deserting and disobeying their master and officer, but to cut a good stout cudgel, and on the re-appearance of the truants to display it to them, with a strong recommendation that they should rather fear this visible weapon in my possession than the imaginary tigers, &c. in the jungles. This argument was all-powerful; next day the rogues were all up before daybreak, and on the alert; and though some dreadful stories met my ears about tigers carrying off men from the very road through which laid our route, and that within two days even of our arrival in these parts, my *cortège* soon learnt, that "can't go before daylight," was a phrase no where to be found in master's dictionary. I would not be either fool-hardy or unfeeling; but so averse are the natives of India to exertion of any kind, that most of these tiger and robber tales are mere "tricks upon travellers," tried for the purpose of making delays, and sometimes with effect, on the inexperienced.

During the march I one day shot a fine mallard, when a halt at a village allowed me leisure for a little amusement; the bird fell into the midst of a capacious tank, and a couple of coolies from the village, whom I desired to leap in, and fetch it for me, declared, that they "could not go," and "could not swim." Being hot, and weary, and unwilling to venture far into the water, I left one of these men to watch the duck, while I took the other with me to the village, in order to bring back one of my servants, and my tent-pole to assist. But, lo! on our return, Master "Can't-go" and "Can't swim,"

had gone, had swum, and had also decamped with the duck. Upon this, I went to his home, when, after a dreadful clamour about the bird, it was produced; the silly fellow had given it to his mother, who locked it up in a box, and that in a second, whilst her hopeful son went to hide himself from impending punishment in the jungles. But the fellow smarted for his dishonesty, as he lost, not only the mallard, but his day's wages, which, though not amounting to more than about 4d. English money, is worth something to a cooly.

Nothing of greater consequence and interest occurred than what I have related; I reached, at length, the place of my destination, the cantonment of Secunderabad, of which Hyderabad is the chief town; but this must not be confounded with the great city of the same name, situated near the Persian Gulf, since it occupies a central site between Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. My regiment had arrived there fifteen days before myself, and those agreeable acts of civility between the authorities of the cantonment and the newly-arrived military residents, as dinners, balls, and suppers, had already, much to my satisfaction, commenced.

H. C. B.

PEGU.

Pegu, February 28, 1826.

I arrived yesterday morning at this ancient capital of the Pegu empire, having been in the boats above sixty hours. To my great mortification I found, that by orders from my commanding officer, I was appointed to relieve the one who had previously been in command of this place.

March 2.

Yesterday, the troops left this town, of which I remained sole governor, without an aid-de-camp to speak to, without a white face to look upon, but with 200 Sepoys as my *garde de corps*. Being able to converse pretty well in Burmese, I have some thoughts of making the old Rajah pay his respects to me every morning, after my breakfast, and act as newspaper, &c. But now for a description of the city of my little kingdom.—Pegu is about 100 miles from Rangoon, surrounded by a wall, which I suppose was formerly fortified, but it is now overgrown with weeds and overtopped with rubbish; this wall extends two miles and a half north and south, and two miles east and west, with twenty-eight gates, at present mere gaps. Without these extensive walls is a fosse, the perfect parts of which are twenty feet deep and full of water; but it is dry in some places and apt to become so in the dry season. About the centre of the city stands a large pagoda, formerly entirely gilt, and vying in beauty and magnificence with the celebrated one at Rangoon. Pegu was once full of

houses, but there are not now more than a hundred, or a hundred and twenty within the walls. My mansion is erected on the base of the mound upon which stands the pagoda, facing the inhabited part of the city, and, as I can see at a glance whatever is going forwards, no better situation could be desired for an inspector general. I have a great deal to do, and no time for lounging and idleness. It is part of my business to collect boats, carts, and buffaloes, for forwarding supplies; I have charge of the whole commissariat, and am also postmaster; for all which trouble and service I draw not a farthing extra, and there are no perquisites of office to render this "no-sinecure" tolerable. However, relief will probably ere long arrive in the shape of an officer senior to me from the advance, when the command will of right devolve upon him; and my corps, having been one of the first to arrive at this place, will be the first to quit it. H. C. B.

The Naturalist.

BEES.—BY JESSE.

To a thinking mind, few phenomena are more striking than the clustering of bees on some bough, where they remain, in order as it were, to be ready for hiving:

"Arbore summâ
Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis."

I observe that where a hive is fixed over a swarm, the bees will generally go into it of their own accord, uttering at the same time their satisfied hum,* and seeming to be aware of the purpose for which it is placed near them. How the queen bee is made acquainted that so convenient a place for her to retreat to is near at hand, I know not, but so it is. Surrounded by thousands of her subjects who press around her, she makes her way through them all, and enters the hive, followed by the whole swarm. Some means of communication must have taken place, as it is quite impossible that she could herself have seen the snug retreat which had been prepared for her. Here the work of preparing future cells is instantly commenced, and I have found that although a swarm has not been able for two or three days to quit the hive after they had taken possession of it, a considerable number of cells had been nearly completed. Even as soon as the foundation of a cell has been finished, the queen bee will sometimes deposit an egg upon it, the sides being afterwards built up. As the cells increase in number, honey and the farina of flowers are stored in them:

"The careful insect 'midst his work I view,
Now from the flowers exhausts the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures loads his little thighs,
And steers his distant journey through the skies";

* Shakespeare alludes to the "surly hum" of bees.
—Henry IV.

Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears."—Ong.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the appearance of bees in wet weather. Some of them I have observed to come to the mouth of the hive, as if to take a view of the passing clouds, and some of those who are tempted to quit the hive return to it with the greatest difficulty. A sunshiny day in May is their delight, and it is then that bees seem most active and most joyous.

"Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite."—Lalla Rookh.

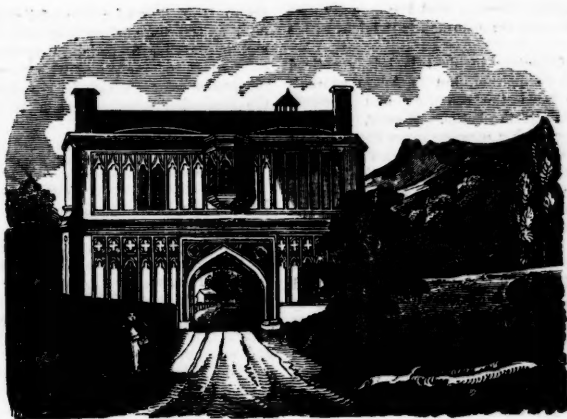
Antiquariana.

THE ABBEY.

As many of our pages are illustrated with the relics of abbeys, it may be neither unprofitable nor uninteresting to glance at the general character and objects of the ancient abbey.

An abbey, or monastery, properly means a series of buildings adapted for the domestic accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons, subject to the government of an abbot or an abbess. As such it is contradistinguished from a priory, friary, nunnery, hospital, and college, and from all other ecclesiastical and military houses. Although strictly and clearly different in name, it is not easy to separate and distinguish the abbey, the priory, or even the cathedral, in their architectural features and general arrangements from each other; for these arrangements varied with the age rather than with the order dwelling in the abbey; although these persons had distinctions in dress, and in certain rites and ceremonies.

An abbey was of the highest rank among religious houses. The governors, or abbots, sat in parliament; some wore mitres, and others had the crozier, or pastoral staff, carried before them. The larger abbeys had seldom fewer than fifty monks; and upwards of one hundred servants, including grooms, porters, and farming men. The buildings for the accommodation of such an establishment usually consisted of two quadrangular courts. One of them, the close, comprised an area of from fifty to ninety acres, was inclosed by a high wall, and entered by one or two gateways. It included all the appendages of a large domain, as a grange, or farm-house, barns, stables, mill, &c. Around the principal quadrangle were disposed the church and its appendages, the hall, refectory, almonry, chapter-house, locutory or parlour, infirmary, scriptorium, kitchen, and other domestic offices. This great mass of irre-



(Malvern Abbey-Gate.)

gular, but, doubtless, in general, stately buildings, when all standing, must have presented the appearance of a small fortified town, with its embattled wall and turretted gate, surmounted by the great church shooting high above the roofs.

In the exterior wall of the abbey was either one, two, or three gate-houses, forming lodges for warders, or porters. These were of various sizes and architectural features. That to the great Abbey of St. Alban's is of the size of a considerable house.* Another beautiful specimen of the Abbey Gate may be seen at Great Malvern, in Worcestershire. It is a pure example of the pointed style; and, considering its antiquity, is remarkable for retaining in many places its original freshness. The abbey church also remains, and is one of the most interesting structures of its kind in England. The nave is in the Saxon style, and the choir and tower in the florid Gothic. The roof is exquisitely ornamented, and the whole church had formerly a great number of windows curiously painted; but only two of these remain perfect.

Great Malvern was, in the Saxon times, a wilderness thick set with trees; and viewed from the north-east, the abbey stands environed with graceful foliage.

* These details are abridged from the first part of Mr. Britton's valuable Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages.—Part I.

Select Biography.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

(Continued from page 333.)

WE now come to some of those scenes of itinerancy on the several circuits to which he

was appointed:—Bradford, Norwich, Cornwall, the Norman Isles, &c.—those picturesque adventures, grotesque hardships, "moving accidents by flood and field," which gave to the course of the early Methodist preacher something of the stirring character of a campaign, or the wildness of an expedition of knight-errantry, sublimed, however, by the dignity of the cause in which he was embarked—scenes and sufferings which altogether served to animate his spirit, brace his limbs, and lead him on to old age with eye undimmed and force unabated. This life of religious adventure had evidently great charms for Adam Clarke, so that after he had become himself *Emeritus*, he twice visited the Shetland Isles—(overlooked by Wesley,)—where he had established, with incredible pains, a Methodist mission—erected numerous chapels—and maintained several preachers out of funds which his own personal influence enabled him to raise. And the glee with which the old man encounters the storms of those inhospitable seas—hails the Sumburgh Head—traverses the barren mountains and morasses of the island, on his sure-footed native pony—describes the frank aspect and blue-green glance of the Shetlander, the *oculus herbeus* of Plautus—watches the poor women, (for the men were all at the fisheries,) tripping down the hills in troops to hear the word—visits the *roe*, or bay, where the islanders had just dispatched a shoal of whale which they had driven in their boats upon the shallows, a treasure which they owed, as they said, to the Doctor's arrival among them, who does not appear to discourage the notion—all bespeak both the zeal of the man for the success of the religious service to which he

was devoting himself, and the tenacity with which he still clung to habits redolent of his youth.

The following incident is briefly noticed in Wesley's journal, but in Adam Clarke's life we have the colouring and costume, which is half the battle. Wesley, being at Guernsey, took a passage in an English brig to Penzance—Adam Clarke sailed with him—the wind became contrary, and they had to make frequent tacks:—"Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck, and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer*"—his own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke, went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire—his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:—"Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and sittest upon the water-floods, and reignest a king for ever!—Command these winds and these waves that they obey thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven where we would be!" The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, *made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading.* Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise, when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slackened not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and, *therefore, to him the occurrence was not strange.*"

Adam Clarke now marries. Some of his love-letters are given, and are curious. Sir Henry Vane himself could not have made love in language more mystical. Miss Mary Cooke, the eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, a clothier of Trowbridge, was the lady of his choice. "The connexion," says the autobiographer, "was too good and holy not to be opposed." Mary Cooke was a person not lightly to be resigned—an excellent woman, who took Clarke in his poverty, and loved him for himself; and lived to see him the friend of the great, the learned, the good—

the foremost man of a powerful community; and, as we contemplate him on his *circuit*, and her at her fire-side, Donne's amusing comparison of man and wife to a pair of compasses seems meant, by anticipation, for the methodist preacher, when blessed like Clarke—

"The one doth in the centre sit;
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and harkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home."

Indeed, the locomotiveness of the preacher amongst the Methodists forms a striking, and, if properly viewed, an instructive contrast to the settled habits of the established clergy. Here we have Adam Clarke appointed to circuits containing twenty, thirty, forty stations each—called upon, therefore, to preach at least as many sermons every month, and condemned to ride more miles than we can tell. The extent of each orbit, therefore, is such as to admit of little or no pause at any point of it; and that orbit itself is changed every second or third year. Adam Clarke, in a little more than twenty years, experienced thirteen such removes.

Meanwhile, Adam Clarke found time—we are at a loss to know how—to master many Eastern languages, and thus to furnish much valuable assistance to the Bible Society in the department of their translations—to complete a Commentary upon the whole Bible, which served as a sort of saving-bank for the incidental labours of forty years—and to select, arrange, and edit for the Commissioners of Public Records a collection of state papers, supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera*, who, beginning with the reign of Henry I. and coming down to the sixth of Charles II., left much to be done by his successors before the raw materials for English history should be fully gathered together. This new edition of the *Fœdera* (for such was the shape the work assumed) Adam Clarke carried through the press nearly to the close of the fourth volume; and then, wearied with a task which taxed even his patience beyond endurance, resigned it into other hands. It will be seen from this undertaking, which was not strictly within the province which he had marked out for himself, that he ceased, as he grew riper in knowledge and judgment, to think the love of literature a sin; and, accordingly, we find him, when, as President of Conference, he had to visit various parts of the kingdom—with a view to promote the general interests of religion by sermons, speeches, and the like—making a pilgrimage by the way to the monument of Burns, "in whom Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honour;" and rambling amongst the rocks a whole summer's day, to determine the scene of "The Gentle Shepherd."

The various events of his busy life, active

and contemplative, thus recorded, supply us with many incidental demonstrations of his feeling towards the Church of England. We believe that the Methodists are proud of the lustre which his attainments cast upon their body—and they have reason to be so. The conclusions to which his learning and reflection led him upon this subject, at present one of so much interest, will be perceived by the following particulars bearing upon it, which we throw together in order that the impression may be decisive. He ever considered himself a *Churchman*: early in life, indeed, he was against the use of the liturgy in the Methodist chapel, but it was because he desired, as Wesley had done, that the service of the church should be attended by the Methodists within the walls of the church: and because he believed, that to open the meeting-house at the same hour (which was proposed), and with the same form of prayer, would be to encourage separation from the church; he afterwards, however, thought otherwise, and adopted the measure.

In a communication which he makes to Lord Sidmouth, on the subject of a loyal address which the Methodist ministers proposed to send to King George IV. on his accession, he tells him—"As they find that a deputation from the three denominations of Dissenters had been condescendingly received by his Majesty, these ministers, as not ranking under any of those denominations—standing nearer to the Established Church than any of the others—*holding, without exception, all her doctrines, venerating her authority, and using her religious service*—and, consequently, in their own apprehension, not justly denominated Dissenters, in any legal sense of the term—humbly wished to be received also by deputation," &c.

Then, with respect to his own practice, Adam Clarke admitted candidates to the ministry, according to the form of the Church in ordaining priests. When he administered the sacrament of baptism, it was always *more ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*; and when he buried the dead, it was apparently after her form too. Confirmation he received himself at the hands of Bishop Bagot, *after* he had become a preacher, and he encouraged his people to resort to the church for the same rite. He is found a hearer in a church—nay, in a cathedral—and partakes of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at its altar. He is solicitous to gather his children together once more, and, in company with them, to make a solemn covenant with God, *cum Deo inire fœdus*; and the way in which he proposes it should be done is, by repairing to the church, and there getting the clergyman to administer to them the communion, one and all; adding, as he imparts the proposal to "his dear lads," old Samuel Wesley's touching application of Scripture, on a some-

what similar occasion—"With desire have I desired to eat this last passover with you before I die." And to crown all, and to give a further pledge of his sincerity in these repeated avowals, both by word and deed, of his attachment to the establishment, he brings up one of his sons at Cambridge, and leads him to take orders in the church.

Such were the sentiments of Adam Clarke on this great question; a man in whom Wesley had such confidence, that he made him one of seven trustees of all his literary property, and as it thereby turned out, executors of his will.

We now hasten to the closing scene of his life. In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made volunteer excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that "each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death." He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, 26th of August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but was tired with his journey and listless in the evening; and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon for him and fix the day, he made answer, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me." He retired to bed early, not without some of those symptoms that indicated the approach of this awful disease, but which do not appear to have excited any suspicions in himself or in his friends. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to get home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal he had sunk in his chair,—that icy coldness, by which the complaint was characterized, had come on,—and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife, and most of his children, short as the summons was, gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he had them by his side, *nec desideraverunt aliquid oculi*; but he was now nearly speechless. "Am I blue?" however, he said to one of his sons, a question indicating his knowledge of the malady under which he was sinking; and without any effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last with a short sob, about the seventieth year of his age. "The heart," adds the biographer of his later days, "knoweth his own bitterness, but what can equal the anguish of that emotion which first tells the wife that she is a widow, and the children that they are fatherless? They feel its pang once—to forget it no more for ever."

New Books.

SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF FLY-FISHING.

[THIS is a marvellously pleasant little book. It is delightful even to ourselves, whose fishing is mostly in streams of literature, where fry are as numerous as in any of the streams in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, in which Stephen Oliver, the author of these "Scenes and Recollections," has the better fortune to angle. Envy we do not entertain towards any one; but he who writes a book from such observation as Stephen enjoys, must be a happy man, if not a fortunate author. Stephen tells us:—]

Towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, I have for some years past been accustomed to take a trip into Roxburghshire, to spend a few weeks with a friend; and as I travel at my leisure, I always enjoy a few days' fishing by the way. Sometimes I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of Weldon Bridge, for the sake of a cast in the Coquet; sometimes I take up my quarters with honest Sandy Macgregor, at the Tankerville Arms, Wooler, to enjoy a few days' fishing in the Glen and the Till; and occasionally I drive up to Yetholm to have a day's sport in the Bowmont, with that patriarch of gipsies and prince of fishers, old Will Faa; as good a fly-fisher as is to be met with between Berwick and Dumfries, in which tract of country are to be found some of the best anglers in the kingdom. There are not many trout streams in England more likely to afford a week's recreation to the fly-fisher than the Coquet; nor would it be an easy matter to point out a river on the whole more interesting, and affording better sport. The angler may undoubtedly take larger trouts at Driffield, and from streams more secluded bring home a heavier creel; but for a week's fair fishing, from Linnshiels to Warkworth, the Coquet is, perhaps, surpassed by none. The natural scenery of its banks is beautiful, independent of the interest excited by the ruins of Brinkburn Priory and the Hermitage of Warkworth; and its waters, "clear as diamond spark," present in their course every variety of smooth water, rapids, and pools, for the exercise of the angler's skill.

[The work is written in dialogue, after the manner of Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*; but it has little of grave philosophy, such as we admire in the latter work. The characters in the conversations are glibly drawn, and much practical information on the subject of angling and its followers is mixed up with other matters in a genuine vein of pleasantry. Here is a specimen from the first portion—A Day in Coquetdale.]

Evening. Parlour of the Black Bull's Head. Decanters and glasses on the table. Pre-

sent, the Rev. JAMES TODDBURN, ANDREW BELL, RICHARD BURRELL, and STEPHEN OLIVER, Esqrs.

Bell to Oliver. I should like now to hear a little of your fishing. I suspect that you have returned with an empty creel, or we should have heard something of your exploits before this; for anglers are not accustomed to be silent on their success. I should like to see your take—a couple of thornie-backs, perch *par courtesie*; half a dozen minnows, and an eel; but not a single trout, except the dozen which you would buy in coming home, to save yourselves from being laughed at.

Oliver. Thornie-backs and minnows!—I should like much to catch a few of your trouts. But you shall see. Waiter, let the hostler bring up that hamper of trouts and the pike which we caught this afternoon. A pike—it is a halbert of a fish—a very weaver's beam!

Enter HOSTLER, with a tolerably well filled basket of trouts and a pike.

Bell. Well done! These are something better than thornie-backs, after all. I dare say you have nearly a stone and a half of trouts here, and some of them really prime ones. You have been lucky in hooking the skeggers to-day; if you continue as you have begun you will rouse the jealousy of your brother anglers.

Oliver. Skeggers! Why surely you do not call those fine trouts, of from two to three pounds weight, skeggers? I do not think there is a single skegger amongst them.

Bell. There you are wrong—and prove that you are better acquainted with Izaak Walton than with the trouts of the Coquet, notwithstanding the numerous visits you have paid to this part of the country. The trout which Walton describes as the samlet, or skegger, is the small brandling trout of the Coquet; but the trout which we here call the skegger is a large one, almost like a bull trout, and the name is derived from an old word, "to skug"—to seek covert or shelter; for these trouts are mostly found under the shadow of a bank or projecting rock, and they are by some called alder or alter trouts, in consequence of their haunting the roots of alder trees, that grow by the side of the stream. Since I have alluded to etymologies, I must go one step farther to notice that "skug" is most probably derived from the *Mæso-Gothic* "Skygda," to shadow or cover; and that the mountain Skiddaw, in Cumberland, probably owes its name to the same source. Skygd-dha—the dark shadow—is admirably expressive of its character when seen from the foot of Withop, before the sun has illumined its south-western side, and when its dark shade is extended over the vale of Der-

went.—But what a famous pike you have caught; I have seldom seen such a one taken in this part of the country. What weight is he?

Oliver. Ten pounds three ounces; length from eye to fork, two feet seven inches and three sixteenths, by the exciseman's rod.

Rev. J. T. That is not a Coquet-bred fish; he must have escaped from some pond or loch during the late years. Pray where did you take him?

Oliver. In the deep pool a little above Brinkburn. I observed him lying at his ease near the surface of the water, and tried him first with a small trout, which he would not look at. I then put on an artificial frog with a double snap, which I had among my baits, and he seized it in a moment. I struck as soon as he turned, and luckily hooked him; and directly that he felt himself pricked, swoop! he was off like a whale. I let him have about forty yards of line, though not gently, before I attempted to check him. I then was obliged to put my tackle to the test, as he was likely to gain, had I allowed him more line, a rocky part of the stream. When I found that my tackle would hold him, I began to wind him gently back, and had got him, after a good deal of manœuvring, within twenty yards of the end of the rod, when off he went again. He repeated this three or four times, growing weaker every sweep he took, till at last I got so far master of him as to draw him to the shore, where Burrell landed him with a gaff.

Rev. J. T. But how did you come by the trouts? I was out myself this morning, and only caught half a dozen which were scarcely worth bringing home; and yet I ought to know something of Coquet, and I am persuaded that you could not have more suitable flies, for I always make my own.

Oliver. We began at Piper-haugh, and fished down to Weldon Bridge. At first we had only indifferent success till we tried a fly recommended by our landlord, the red-hackle, and afterwards we had no reason to complain. We got the greatest number between Brinkburn and Weldon. At the commencement I was inclined to blame my friend Burrell for our want of success; for the trout is a *sly fish*, that appears to be instinctively aware of the danger that awaits him when a *scientific* angler is in company, and carefully keeps himself out of harm's way.

Burrell. You *practical* anglers always claim the privilege of laughing at the novice, until he perceives that your pretended mystery is a mere bag of smoke, and becomes as wise as one of yourselves. You have been winding a long reel about that pike, Oliver, but you do not relate the most interesting part of the feat—that the fish at one period of the contest had the better of the angler. I was a short distance up the stream, attend-

ing to my own sport, when I heard a loud splash, and on running towards the place, there was this simple fisherman floundering about in the water, holding his rod with both hands, and the pike making off with him, when I luckily dragged him out. In strict justice, the merit of taking the pike belongs to me.

Oliver. I do not deny it. I only wish that you had made a little more haste, and not laughed quite so loudly.

[The company toast "All honest anglers," and this brings up a few amusing anecdotes of celebrated sons of the rod and line.]

All. All honest anglers!

Burrell. That will comprehend pretty nearly all the brethren of the rod and line, "the present company excepted," as civil people say. What Pinkerton, with his usual modesty, has said of collecting old coins: "it is a most innocent pursuit, and such as never engaged the attention of a bad man," belongs more justly to angling. There is not a single angler to be found in the Newgate Calendar.

Rev. J. T. I am much inclined to agree with you, Mr. Burrell, though I hardly know whether you are speaking in jest or in earnest. We have had some most amiable men, and of great talent, in our own time passionately fond of angling—Dr. Paley, Henry Mackenzie, and Sir Humphry Davy, for instance. The former, though a dignified clergyman, and better known from his moral and theological writings than from his fishing exploits, preferred, like his great exemplar, Dr. Nowell, to have his portrait taken with a fishing rod over his shoulder rather than with a book in his hand.

Oliver. I have not unfrequently noticed in my fishing excursions that you often meet with *old* men who are anglers, either for the sake of amusement, or who have adopted the pursuit as being at once a source of profit and pleasure.

Rev. J. T. I am convinced that angling is greatly conducive both to health and longevity. It cannot have been from mere accident, or from their having originally stronger stamina than other mortals, that so many persons who have been anglers have lived to an age far exceeding the ordinary term of human existence. Their pursuits by the side of running streams, whose motion imparts increased activity to the vital principle of the air; their exercise, regular, without being violent; and that composure of mind—so necessary to the perfect health of the body—to which angling so materially contributes, must all have had an influence on their physical constitution, the effect of which is perceived in the protracted duration of their lives. Henry Jenkins,—who lived to the age of 169, and who boasted, when giving evidence in a court of justice to a fact of 120

years' date, that he could *dub* a fly as well as any man in Yorkshire,—continued angling for more than a century after the greater number of those who were born at the same time were mouldering in their graves.

Dr. Nowell was a most indefatigable angler, allotting a tenth part of his time to his favourite recreation, and giving a tenth part of his income, and nearly all the fish he caught to the poor. He lived to the age of ninety-five, having neither his eyesight, his hearing, nor his memory impaired. Walton himself, that

"sage benign,
Whose pen the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverent watching of each still report
That nature utters from her rural shrine,"

lived to upwards of ninety; Henry Mackenzie died in January, 1831, aged eighty-six; and the Rev. H. C., who resided a short distance from here, and had been an angler from his youth, continued to fish after he was upwards of eighty; and I could mention several others who are upwards of seventy, and still continue in their "frosty, but kindly," old age to fish by the side of those streams—associated in their minds with a hundred pleasing recollections—where first the love of angling and of Nature was impressed upon their youthful hearts, which time has deepened and confirmed, and which death only can efface. It must, however, be observed that the oldest anglers have been remarkable for their temperance, and for the quiet, even tenour of their lives. They were not much exposed to struggle with the rough currents of human life, which often prematurely exhaust the best and noblest of our kind, but were either placed in that happy mediocrity which affords an easy competence, or were born and educated in that condition which is little disturbed by imaginary evils, and knows few wants but such as may be easily supplied.

Oliver. Walton alludes to the fishing exploits of Mark Antony and Cleopatra; and Sir H. Davy, in his *Salmonia*, claims Trajan as an angler. To the number of royal and imperial fishermen may be added his late majesty George IV. Angling has not, however, been much in repute among the rulers of the earth, for there is no "royal road" to the art any more than there is to geometry. The servants of a king may stock a pond with fish, but it is beyond their skill to make them bite when Majesty wishes to enjoy an hour's amusement in angling. Fish have no idea of the distinguished honour of being hooked and whisked out of their native element by the hand of a king; and they are no more ambitious of seizing a monarch's bait than a clown's. They are so shockingly deficient in courtly politeness, that though a king be anxiously waiting for a bite, they

never offer even to nibble until it perfectly suits their own pleasure. Looking at these circumstances, we need not wonder that angling has never been much celebrated as a royal pastime.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

THE FETISH.—THE FRIGATE.

(From the Cruise of the Midge.)

"Who is that blocking up the hatchway?" said I, as some dark body nearly filled the entire aperture.

Presently the half-naked figure of Sergeant Quacco descended the ladder. He paid no attention to me, or any body else; but spoke to some one on deck in the Eboe tongue, and presently his wife appeared at the coamings of the hatchway, hugging and fondling the abominable little graven image as if it had been her child—her own flesh and blood. She handed it down to the black sergeant, who placed it in a corner, nuzzling, and rubbing his nose all over it, as if he had been propitiating the tiny Moloch by the abjectness of his abasement. I was curious to see how Lennox would take all this, but it produced no effect: he looked with a quizzical expression of countenance at the figure for some time, and then lay back in his hammock, and seemed to be composing himself to sleep. I went on deck, leaving the negro and his sable helpmate below amongst the men, and was conversing with Mr. Sprawl, who had by this time made his appearance, when we were suddenly startled by a loud shriek from the negress, who shot up from below, plunged instantly overboard, and began to swim with great speed towards the shore. She was instantly followed by our friend the sergeant, who for a second or two looked forth after the sable naiad, in an attitude as if the very next moment he would have followed her. I hailed the dingy Venus—"Come back, my dear—come back." She turned round with a laughing countenance, but never for a moment hesitated in her shoreward progress.

"What shall become of me!" screamed Sergeant Quacco.—"Oh, Lord, I shall lose my wife—cost me feefy dallar—Lose my wife!—dat de dam little Fetish say mosh be save. Oh, poor debil dat I is!"—and here followed a long tirade in some African dialect that was utterly unintelligible to us.

"My good fellow, don't make such an uproar, will ye?" said I. "Leave your wife to her fate: you cannot better yourself if you would die for it."

"I don't know, massa; I don't know. Him cost me feefy dallar. Beside, as massa must have seen, him beautiful—oh, wery beautiful;—and what you tiuk dem willain

asore will do to him? Ah, massa, you can't tell what dem will do to him."

"Why, my good man, what *will* they do?"

"Eat him, massa, may be; for dey look on him as one who now is enemy—dat is, dey call me enemy, and dem know him is my wife—Oh, Lord—feesty dallar—all go, de day dem roast my wife."

I could scarcely refrain from laughing; but on the instant the poor fellow ran up to the old quartermaster, who was standing near the mast, admiring the construction of the canoe,—as beautiful a skiff, by the way, as was ever scooped out of tree. "Help me, old man; help me to launch de canoe. I must go on sore—I must go on sore."

The seaman looked at me—I nodded; and, taking the hint, he instantly lent Blackie a hand. The canoe was launched overboard, and the next moment Sergeant Quacco was paddling after his adored, that had cost him fifty dollars, in double-quick time.

He seemed, so far as we could judge, to be rapidly overtaking her, when the little promontory of the creek hid them from our view; and under the impression that we had seen the last of him, I began to busy myself in the hope of getting over the bar that forenoon. An hour might have elapsed, and all remained quiet, except at the bar, where the thunder and hissing of the breakers began to fail; and as the tide made, I began, in concert with Mr. Sprawl, to see all ready to go to sea; but I soon was persuaded, that, from the extreme heaviness of the ground swell that rolled in, there was no chance of our extricating ourselves until the evening at the soonest, or it might be next morning, when the young ebb would give us a lift; so we were walking up and down, to while away the time, when poor Lennox, who had by this time come on deck, said, on my addressing him, that he had seen small jets of white smoke rise up from among the green mangroves now and then; and although he had not heard any report, yet he was persuaded they indicated musket-shots.

"It may all be as you say, Lennox; but I hope we shall soon be clear of this accursed river, and then they may blaze away at each other as much as they please."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when we not only saw the smoke, but heard the rattle of musketry, and presently a small black speck shot rapidly beyond the headland, or cape, that shut in our view, on the larboard side, up the river. On its nearer approach, we soon perceived that it was our friend Quacco once more, in his small dory of a canoe, with the little fetish god stuck over the bow; but there was no appearance of his wife. On his near approach to the vessel, the man appeared absolutely frantic. He worked and sculled away with his paddle

as if he had been mad; and when at last he got on deck, having previously cast the little horrible image up before him, he began to curse and to swear, at one moment in the Eboe tongue, at another in bad Creole English, as if he had been possessed with a devil—

"*Hoo chockaro, chockaro, soo ho*—Oh, who could tink young woman could hab so mosh deceit!—*Ah, Queykarre tol de rol zig tootle too*—to leave me Quacco, and go join dem Eboe willain!" Then, as if recollecting himself—"But how do I know dat dem no frighten him for say so? Ah, now I remember one ogly dag stand beside him hab long clear knife in him hand. Oh, Lord! *Tooka, tooka—Cookery Pee Que*—Ah, poor ting! dem hab decoy him—cheat him into dem power—and to morrow morning sun will see dem cook him—ay, and eat him. Oh dear, dem will eat my wife—oh, him cost me feesty dallar—eat my feesty dallar—*oh Kickereboo—Rotan!*" And straightway he cast himself on the deck, and began to yell and roll over and over, as if he had been in the greatest agony. Presently he jumped on his legs again, and ran and laid hold of the little graven image. He caught it up by the legs, and smashed its head down on the hard deck. "You dam Fetish—you false willain, dis what you give me for kill fowl, eh? and tro de blood in you face, eh? and stick fedder in you tail, eh? and put blanket over your shoulder when rain come, and night fog roll over we and make you chilly? What you give me for all dis? You drive me go on board dat footy little Englis cruiser, and give my wife, cost me feesty dallar, to be roast and eat? Oh, Massa Carpenter, do lend me one hax;" and seizing the tool that had been brought on deck, and lay near him, he, at a blow, split open the Fetish's head, and continued to mutilate it, until he was forcibly disarmed by some of the men that stood by him.

The frigate in the offing slowly and majestically shoved her long jib-boom past the mangroves on the westernmost bank, and gradually the whole beautiful machine hove in sight, rising and falling on the long swell.

As she came round the point, she took in topgallant sails, and hauled down the fore-topmast staysail; and whenever she had fairly opened the river, and come nearly abreast of us, she laid her maintop sail to the mast, with her fore and mainsails hanging in graceful festoons in the brails, and hove to under her three topsails, jib, and spanker. She slid silently and majestically along, the bright green wave curling onwards from her beautifully moulded bows, like the shell-shaped canopy of Daddy Neptune's car, as the cutwater slid gently through the calm heaving of the blue swell, gradually

subsiding, as the glorious old hooker lost her way and became stationary, until she floated, like a swan asleep on the dark waters, the bright sun shining cheerily on her white sails and hammocks, and clear white streak, and sparkling on her glittering sides, as they rose and fell fresh and wet from the embraces of old Ocean; and as the land-breeze laid her over, her gold-bright copper blazed like one vast polished mirror, wherein the burning sun was reflected in dazzling glances. And bright blinding rays flashed out starlike from the window in the quarter gallery, and the glass in the scuttles of the officers' cabins, and from every burnished piece of metal throughout the whole length of the gallant craft, converting her black hull into a brilliant constellation, while her heavy lower masts, with their strong shrouds and stays, and the swelling sails, and the tall and taper spars aloft, were seen clear and distinct against the deep cold blue of the seaward horizon.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Heavens and Hells of the Budhists.—The heavens of the Budhas are twenty-six, placed one above another. At the end of the *maha calpi*, when the world will be at an end, six of the lower of these celestial abodes will be destroyed by fire; four by storms, and six by water. The four superior heavens will escape destruction; but what will become of the six intermediate ones does not so clearly appear. The great hells are thirty-four; but besides these there are a hundred and twenty smaller hells. Those which are hot lie immediately under the earth; which may possibly account for the many volcanos, whirlpools, and sundry explosive and other turbulent things that it contains.

The punishment for sinners in these hells are as correspondingly degrading, as the condition of the good is in the heavens transcendantly happy; with this difference, that in their amended state they contrive to forget (so says the learned Hindoo theologian, Mr. Coleman) what they ascended from: whereas, in their debased situation, their reminiscences are more perfect.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dan-

gerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?" "No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches." L. S.

Intense Effect.—Pacchierotti, on one occasion, when playing at Rome the character of Arbaces, pronounced the three words "Eppui sono innocente," in so touching a manner, that the very orchestra stopped; a short symphony, which should have immediately succeeded his declaration of innocence, was neglected; and, on his demanding, somewhat angrily, of the leader what he and his subordinates were about, the flattering answer was "Sir, we are weeping." W. G. C.

It is objected, and we admit often with truth, that the wealthy are ready to bestow their money, but not to endure personal inconvenience. The following anecdote is told in illustration:—The late Duke of D— was walking in St. James's-street, in a hard frost, when he met an agent, who began to importune his Grace in behalf of some charity, which had enjoyed his support. "Put me down for what you please," peevishly exclaimed the Duke; "but, for God's sake, don't keep me in the cold."—*New Monthly Mag.*

Warning to Onion Eaters.—A sailor seating himself in a summer-house, espied a couple of onions, (as he thought,) in a remote corner; wishing to enjoy so savoury a meal, he took from his homely pocket his bread, cheese, and knife, and then commenced a broadside upon the bulbs, which he devoured with a hearty relish. The gardener entering, and finding the remains of his bulbs scattered on the ground and their precious contents the contents of the sailor—exclaimed, in the agony of grief, "Oh! oh! I am a ruined man and undone; you have destroyed all my hopes, you have devoured my *Alexander the Great* and my *Duke of Marlborough*—worth fifty guineas each." P. T. W.

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